

# Unsolved Mysteries, X-Files Style

by Scullyspice

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Unsolved Mysteries

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SUMMARY: Mulder and Scully watch themselves on the popular TV show,  
Unsolved Mysteries.

DISCLAIMER: CC and 1013 own Mulder, Scully, Skinner and Margaret  
Scully. Unsolved Mysteries is owned by, umm... Unsolved Mysteries.

AUTHOR'S NOTES: At end.

## Unsolved Mysteries, X-Files Style

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Mulder was placing the Chex Mix on his coffee table when the doorbell

rang. After perfectly aligning the bowl with the other snacks on the table, he rushed over to open the door. Scully stood in his doorway, looking flustered and confused. "Scully, come in!" Mulder said graciously. He ushered his partner in and took her coat to hang up. "Honestly, Mulder, I don't know why you felt you just had to discuss this case right this minute! I was going to go over to have dinner with my mother. Besides, it's just your average alien abduc-" Scully stopped talking as she took in the vast array of snacks and sodas on the table, along with the unusually clean state of Mulder's apartment. "Mulder, what's going on?" she asked suspiciously. "You almost never clean your apartment, and I was pretty sure that snack food other than sunflower seeds doesn't exist in your diet." "Did you forget what tonight is?" Mulder asked gleefully. "Apparently." Scully said wryly, crossing her arms and raising her eyebrow in her patented Scully look. "We're on Unsolved Mysteries tonight!" Mulder said, clapping his hands giddily. "Oh, my God! I am leaving right now!" Scully groaned and crossed to the door. "You can't leave! It's about to start." Mulder pouted. "I can, and I am. Unfortunately for you, watching myself make a fool out of myself on national television isn't my idea of a good time." "Come on! If I have to watch it, you have to watch it! Look, I've got cokes and chex mix. If you're really hungry, we'll order a pizza." Mulder looked over at Scully. He could tell she wasn't convinced. "Besides, it's not every day you get to see yourself on national television!" "Perhaps if I was winning the Nobel Prize, or even the Publisher's clearinghouse - but not chasing UFOs in rural Idaho!" Despite her protests, Scully allowed herself to be pulled over to the couch where she sat down, defeated. "Oh, oh, here's the promo!" "Shut up, Mulder, and pass the chex mix." \* \* \* \*

Tonight on UNSOLVED MYSTERIES: a housewife is abducted by UFOs - can two FBI Agents find the truth? Also, Heuvelman's Lake - does Big Blue really lurk beneath its placid surface?

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"Hey, we've been there Scully! We've seen Big Blue!" "My dog got eaten there, Mulder. By a giant crocodile. There was no Big Blue, by the way." "Was to." "It's back on Mulder, so sit down. And was not."

\* \* \* \* \*

On June 24, 1997, Mrs. Eli Flack was sitting on her porch in rural Comstock, Idaho, enjoying the sunset when she noticed some odd lights. "Well, I saw these weird lights in the sky." Mrs. Flack is an attractive blond in her early twenties. "So I called Eli, but when he saw the lights, he went back inside to get his shotgun. That was when I was enveloped in this odd green light and that's all I remember." Mrs. Flack had disappeared, leaving her husband without a clue to her whereabouts. Mr. Flack is an ugly man in his late forties. "She was just dungone!"

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"Now why would someone like her marry someone like him?" Mulder wondered to himself. "Stranger things have happened, Mulder, stranger things." Scully replied, pulling her head out of Mulder's fridge. "Like what, Mr. Wizard?" Mulder asked goofily. "You're weird Mulder. Actually, I was referring to the fact that your salsa is walking

across your fridge shelf under it's own momentum." "Oh, yeah. Just don't touch it." Scully wrinkled her nose as she shut the door. "Don't worry, I won't. Is the commercial over yet?" "Yeah, come sit down."

\* \* \* \* \*

Eli Flack then called his local police station to report that his wife had been kidnapped. When she hadn't appeared in three days, the case was sent to the local FBI office, and from there to FBI Headquarters in Washington D.C. as per official procedure.

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"Look, I'm on next!" "Mulder, may I assure you that that's not something to be proud of." "You're just jealous." "Am not!" "Are too!" "Am not, and shut up. I'm trying to watch."

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Mulder sits on a chair in a darkened studio. "We were first notified about the case through our work on the X-Files. They were opened by J. Edgar Hoover after the second World War as a repository for cases that are, well, outside the Bureau mainstream." Agents Fox Mulder and Dana Scully were flown out to Idaho. While they were en route to rural Comstock, Mrs. Flack was discovered in the local forest.

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"Very nice, Mulder. I would have expected you to be more rabid." "They said if I was, they'd cut my part from the show." "Too bad." "What? For me, or for them?" "For them." "You're just so funny."

\* \* \* \* \* "I was in agreement with the local PD that this was simply a case of robbery gone wrong. This feeling was confirmed by the fact that Mrs. Flack was missing all her jewelry and petty cash. Also, a thorough medical examination showed nothing out of the ordinary, other than a mild concussion and concurrent dehydration from her time in the woods." Scully says confidently. Agent Mulder, however, plays the Devil's advocate. "You can't say that some local hoodlums dragged Mrs. Flack off after a failed robbery. Odd lights, mysterious noises? All classic UFO behavior."

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"Very nice yourself." Mulder said. Scully scowled. "Look, I watched myself on TV, so I think that gives me a right to leave. What if my mother sees this? What if my brother sees this?" Mulder paled noticeably at the mention of Bill Scully, Jr. "Um, right. Want anything to drink?" "No." Mulder's phone rang. "Your phone is ringing." "Well, answer it." "It's not my phone." "Come on!" "Fine. Hello? Oh, yes, sir. He's right here. Just a moment. What am I doing here? We were just discussing the new case we received." "Who is it?" Mulder asked. "AD Skinner, Mulder, and he sounds pissed." Scully replied, handing him the phone. "Hello, sir. Excuse me? A television show? What television show? UNSOLVED MYSTERIES? I wasn't aware." Mulder continued to peddle excuses to his irate supervisor, so Scully tuned him out and watched the show. Their section was almost over. Currently, Mrs. Flack was talking about the abduction memories she had gained through hypnosis. Scully rolled her eyes. It was almost as

bad as Jerry Springer - not that she watched Jerry Springer. "Of course sir. Never again. Thank you. Goodbye." Mulder hung up the phone. "Well?" Scully said. "Well, what?" Mulder replied, confused. "What did he say? Ding, ding, Mulder." "Well, I explained that we believed we were offering our expert opinions for a Discovery Channel documentary. Luckily, he believed me." "I'm shocked. Look, here's our closing statements. Finally." "That's the spirit, Scully. Ow! Why did you hit me?"

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Though the two agents have searched diligently for clues, there is no hard evidence to support either an alien abduction or failed robbery. "We felt that some information from the nearby air force base might help with our investigation into the mysterious lights. Though most of the information was classified, there were two experimental planes out over the area. That would account for the odd lights and atmospheric disturbances. Mrs. Flack probably mistook the planes for UFOs, which is a logical assumption if you don't know aircraft." Scully said in conclusion. As a final note, there is still no explanation for Mrs. Flack's disappearance. For now, it remains an UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

\* \* \* \* \* "I am beyond embarrassed." "It's not that bad. But why didn't they show my closing conclusions?" "Were you rabid, Mulder?" "Maybe." "Well, that would explain it." Scully's cell phone rang. "Just a sec. Hello? Hi, Mom. Yes, that was me." Scully waved goodbye as she explained to her mother. Mulder grinned at her final comment before the door shut. "Does Bill know?"

The End

End  
file.